Nail Job by verizonhorizon

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Canon: Star Trek AOS
Pairing: Jim Kirk/Spock
Rating: Explicit [NC-17]
Word Count: 4,997
Summary: Cadet Spock breaks a nail, gets a naughty manicure, and winds up getting the manicurist, too - all before New Year's Eve.

“Dammit!” a feminine voice bit off angrily. “I broke a nail!”

Spock raised an eyebrow. “I have broken three already.”

Nyota shook her head but kept her hands on the signal translation device. “I should be getting extra credit for this.”

“You will, of course, receive recognition in the acknowledgements section of my paper.”

“Gee, thanks. You’re such a good friend.”

“Sarcasm, Cadet Uhura?” Spock inquired, wincing internally as the device’s wiring scraped against another fingernail. The work was too fine for a digital tool and too sensitive for gloves. But the results would bring automated sensor sweeps to a new, more advanced level. It would be especially useful on deep space expeditions.

Nyota turned towards him and held her hands up in the air, as if in surrender. “A real friend would give me a pass off-campus to go get a manicure.”

“That can be arranged,” Spock agreed easily, looking down at his own nails, no longer as neat and pristine as they had been before beginning this particular project.

Nyota followed his gaze. “You should get one, too.”

“A manicure?” Spock asked, barely hiding his aghast tone.

“Yes.” She clucked her tongue, staring critically at his hands. If he were prone to blushing, he might have done so. “The damage to your cuticles looks beyond self-repair. You need professional help. A little filing, a little massage, a little shine, and your nails and hands will be as good as new.”

Spock inwardly shivered. The very idea of a stranger touching his hands in such a manner would be anathema on Vulcan.

And yet, Spock was not on Vulcan.

Spock was on Earth. And on Earth, enlisting others to administer nail care was a regular occurrence, not a taboo. In fact, it seemed to be something of a bonding ritual in many friendships as well as a popular self-maintenance indulgence. No one would question Spock should he choose to experience this unremarkable human custom. Only he would know the risqué nature of his escapade. Only he would be aware how highly stimulating it would be to have someone so tactilely focused on his hands, intimately touching his fingers, pulling and stroking at the fleshy pads beneath the nails…

“Spock?”

“…Yes?”

Nyota’s look was quizzical. “It’s your turn to adjust the tuner.”

“Of course,” Spock replied instantly, reining his wayward thoughts.

But he could not completely ignore the secret fantasy playing in the back of his mind. Perhaps he would go to a manicurist – not for the purpose of illicit sensation but for a test of will. Yes, it could be an excellent test of his controls.

As casually as he could manage, Spock cleared his throat and spoke, “Before you leave the lab tonight, please recommend me a suitable manicurist.”

“There’s only one guy for the job,” Nyota said. “I don’t much like him personally, but he’s gives the best manicure in San Francisco. Jim Kirk. ”

Jim Kirk. Spock filed the name away and focused on the work in front of him.

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Bells jingled as Spock opened the door to the salon. There was a young man lounging at the desk who did not look up at Spock’s arrival. His hair was a soft color between blond and brown, and his lips were parted in a frown. The man was concentrating very hard on a comp screen, and Spock had the uncharitable notion that he was probably playing an online game during his work hours. Spock approached him and cleared his throat.

The man glanced up, and Spock came face to face with a shock of blue eyes. He was immediately drawn to the beauty and intelligence in their depths.

The frown on the man's face melted away into a charming smile. "Happy Holidays, Sir. What can I do you for?"

"Do me for?" Spock echoed, trying to process the odd statement even as he was still eying his challenge.

"D'ya need a gift card? Christmas present for a friend, mother…" the man paused. "Girlfriend?"

"No," Spock demurred, pulling off one of his faux fur gloves. "I am here because my nails--"

"Ouch," the man interrupted, reaching brazenly across the counter to grab Spock's hand. The touch was warm and sure, as he turned Spock's palm and made a tsking sound.

Spock snatched his hand back, shaking slightly. "Indeed. I have been told to entrust myself to a man who works here named Jim Kirk."

The man smiled even more brightly. "That'd be me. And I'm happy to help you Mr.…"

"Spock."

"Spock," the man repeated. "I'm going to sign you up for the holiday special: weekly appointments till New Year's. We'll have your nails ship-shape by then."

Spock shallowly tipped his head. "Very well. When should I arrive for my first appointment?" For which I shall never show up, because you are too attractive for this exercise in self-control.

"There's no time like the present," Jim replied joyfully, bouncing around the corner to take Spock's coat.

Spock let his shoulder and arms slip loose from his coat and unwrapped his scarf. There was no turning back now. When he removed his green scarf and handed it to Jim, revealing his pointed ears, he was certain he observed Jim raising his eyebrows. Did the man know more about Vulcans than the average human? Did he suspect Spock's request to be unusual or inappropriate?

But then Jim grinned and showed him to a table with chairs on either side, gesturing for Spock to sit while he went and washed his hands. When he returned, Spock wondered if he should mention it was his first time getting a manicure. He decided against it. After all, all Spock had to do was yield his sensitive hands over to the individual sitting across from him by the name of Jim Kirk – Jim Kirk who was staring at him with blue eyes lit up with amusement and curiosity.

"Spock?"

“I am ready to begin,” Spock assured.

Jim chuckled. “Hands out then,” he said, holding his own up in the air.
Spock blushed, realizing his were hidden under the table. He eased them forward and held his breath.

Jim smiled encouragingly and took hold of Spock’s left hand, dabbing at the nails with something fluffy and white that resembled a confection product Spock enjoyed in his hot cocoa – another Terran indulgence his father would not approve of.

“It doesn’t look like you have any old polish to get rid of,” Jim commented, “but we’ll disinfect and clean to be safe.”

“Thank you?” Spock said stupidly, inflecting the statement like a question. He was already feeling strange about the situation and Jim was barely touching his hands, the white fluff intervening.

Jim put down Spock’s right hand and picked up his left, repeating the process.

Spock swallowed at the feeling of the cool bit of fluff on his fingers and nails, but he managed to keep his composure.

Jim next produced a bowl of warm water in which he submerged Spock’s hands.

“So,” Jim began, “What do you do for a living, Spock?”

“I am a Starfleet cadet.”

“Spacebound, eh?”

“Yes. Do you have an interest in the stars, Mr. Kirk?”

“Call me Jim. And yeah, I guess, as much as anyone on this rock.”

“An intriguingly vague response.”

Jim laughed, a sweet, dark sound that made Spock’s skin tingle as much as the cuticle soak.

“That’s me, all right. An intriguing nail artist from a farm in Iowa.”

“Hm,” was all Spock had to say to that.

Jim lifted Spock's left hand from the soak and toweled it dry. He picked up a file and concentrated on shaping Spock's nails, one by one. Spock's eyebrows shot up during the process, surprised at the brusqueness and the manhandling. But Jim kept on with his confident touch, molding and filing Spock's nails, not breaking his rhythm to see Spock's shocked eyes.

No one would treat another's hands so on Vulcan. No one would jerk Spock's wrist around, angling it one way or another, and certainly no one would hack at it with such vigor. It was unheard of. It was also arousing.

When Jim switched hands and ran the file particularly harsh over Spock's sensitive ring finger, Spock let out a small gasp. Jim looked up in apology. "Too rough?"

"No," Spock insisted, but his voice was dry.

Jim gave him a speculative look, then resumed his work.

At last, Jim released Spock's hands, and Spock released the breath he didn't know he'd been holding. It was probably time for applying a light polish.

But Jim swiveled his chair around and brought to the table a small bottle. He opened it and beckoned for Spock's hands. "Palms up."

Cautiously, Spock held out his hands palms upward. From the bottle, Jim squeezed a dollop of cool lotion in the center of each hand.

Spock swallowed loudly.

Jim slipped his hands under Spock's and started rubbing his thumbs in concentric circles on the inside of Spock's palms.

"Oh," Spock said in a small voice.

Jim was looking up at him from under long lashes. "I'm softening your cuticles."

"I see," Spock murmured, his voice almost reduced to a squeak.

"The massage increases circulation in your hands."

Jim turned Spock's hands over and started rubbing the lotion between each finger cleft.

"Increased circulation can stimulate nail growth."

Jim went finger by finger, massaging the tips of Spock's nails between his thumb and forefinger.

“It can also improve your skin tone.”

Despite Jim’s efforts, most of Spock’s bloodflow was currently headed due south. So much for control! Spock was lost in Jim’s touch, which itched with warm psychic feelings in addition to the warm tactility of the physical actions.

Spock closed his eyes, whether to bring himself under control or let the sensation run free he wasn’t sure. He bit back a moan. He was crossing a line he had not intended to cross. His little experiment was getting out of…hand. “Jim,” he started, ready to confess everything about the carnal nature of what Jim was doing to him.

“Time for polish!” Jim announced, dropping Spock’s hands gently onto the table. “A clear shine? Red sparkles for Christmas? Blue for Chanukah? Orange for the Orion Solstice?”

“Just keep it simple,” Spock managed to reply, sucking in a breath.

Jim painted the nails quickly with a clear polish and held an insta-dryer over Spock’s hands for a moment, and the whole process was done. By then, Spock had tamped down on his arousal.

He looked down and studied his hands.

Jim seemed to be waiting for a verdict.

Spock hadn’t expected to see much difference from his normal, healthy nails, but there was indeed a noticeable difference. His nails looked pristine and quite perfect. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Jim shifted his weight back and worth from one foot to the other. “See you next week?”

“Next week?”

“The holiday special,” Jim reminded him. “Once a week till New Year’s.”

“Ah, yes.”

“So it’s a date?”

“Date—what—oh—yes, I’ll--”

“Jim!” someone shouted from across the room. “Your next client’s here!”

Jim turned, and Spock used the opportunity to grab his things and slip away, uncertain whether he would return. Spock's test of self control had been an unmitigated failure, and, logically, the factor Spock hadn't counted on was Jim Kirk himself. The man had bested him today, and Spock wasn't sure he was up for another round.

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A week later found Spock lingering in front of Jim's salon.

The fact was that he couldn't stay away.

Jim led him through the same manicure ritual as before, talking and laughing through the whole process, and Spock indulged in the simple pleasure of well-executed attention and conversation.

Spock arrived for his date—his appointment—the following week as well.

And the next week.

Jim Kirk was proving to be a mysterious man. In between bouts of handjob-driven arousal, Spock found himself enjoying his manicurist's company. He still knew so little about him on a practical level. But he knew Jim also liked marshmallows in his hot cocoa (Jim had supplied the name of the confection), he knew Jim disliked holiday music, and he knew Jim had the best hands in the galaxy.

In truth, he was enamored with him. And seeing him once a week wasn't nearly enough.

"What color today, Mr. Spock?"

"What would you suggest?"

"Green." Jim held up a dark green bottle, waggling his eyebrows.

"I was thinking blue."

"Which blue?"

Spock scanned the nail polish bottles, and his eyes were drawn to one in particular. It was a certain shade of blue – the very remarkable hue of Jim's eyes. It would be a subtle move, perhaps too subtle for Jim to recognize, but then he was rather observant for a human… "This one. It is perfect."

He handed his chosen nail polish to Jim, who nearly dropped it. Jim was not normally clumsy; after all, nail art was delicate work.

Recklessly, Spock reached out to steady Jim, one hand on his shoulder and the other wrapping around the hand holding the bottle to prevent it from falling from Jim's grasp.

Jim stared at him openly, their similar heights bringing their faces close, and Spock found himself illogically wishing he was in the habit of offering smiles, because he wanted to smile at Jim, wanted to reassure him, wanted to make him smile at Spock over and over because it never grew boring as so many things did upon repetition. But Spock was not in the habit of smiling. If only his touch telepathy went both ways, allowing him to project, it would be oh so much simpler.

"Sorry," Jim said belatedly, blinking at him.

"It is fine," Spock insisted, stepping back and heading towards Jim's station, knowing he was being followed. "I am ready for my polish, now."

Jim did smile then as he stood over where Spock was sitting, though it was more of a smirk.

"But am I ready to give it you?"

"I should hope so, as it is the reason I am here."

Jim sat down, uncapped the bottle and took Spock's left hand in his. (Spock calculated that he did Spock's left hand first 87% of the time for the application of polish. He started with Spock's left hand 72.2% of the time for all the manicure processes.) He took a moment in thought to update his percentages, then tried to clear his mind.

His mind wandered into contemplation of Jim, specifically Jim's hands.

Spock's manicures were always focused on Spock's hands, as was logical. However, Spock concluded he knew Jim's hands quite well. They were strong but gentle. They had few calluses, despite the farm comment from their first meeting. Jim's hands were softer than Spock's. Perhaps he utilized his own manicurist skills on himself. Or perhaps he didn't wield a lirpa like Spock or otherwise engage in rough work. In fact, his intelligence suggested a life of study and repose rather than one that was physically demanding. But his body…no, Jim certainly was no stranger to physically demanding activity. His short-sleeved white shirt revealed muscled arms, and the snugness of the fit showed off a sculpted chest. Not today, of course, as Jim was wearing a bulky, cable-knit sweater. Spock frowned slightly at the garment's disruption of his appraisal.

"You okay?" Jim asked. "You're not falling asleep on me, are you?"

I would like to fall asleep on you, Spock thought wistfully. "I was just thinking."

“Don’t strain yourself, gorgeous,” Jim teased.

“Ha ha,” Spock parried. “As I said, I was thinking.”

“Fine, I’ll bite: What were you thinking about?”

“Your sweater.”

Jim laughed and started on Spock’s second coat of polish. “My friend got it for me for Christmas because he says I don’t dress warmly enough.” Jim leaned down and blew lightly across Spock’s fingers. Spock was transfixed. “He’s a doctor but he thinks he’s my mom..”

“The climate changes from Earth’s anti-global warming efforts have indeed altered the temperatures of this region.”

“But not exactly enough for a white Christmas in San Francisco.”

“No, that would require greater alteration of the heating magnitude. I am sure I could estimate the variance if you stop blowing on my fingers.”

“Not a chance.” Jim grinned. “Now, how about your sweater? It looks hand-made.”

“It is. My mother made it for me.”

“Aww, that’s sweet. My mom couldn’t make clothes if you held a phaser to her head.”

“Jim, that is an uncharitable thing to say about your mother. I am sure anyone who raised you is prepared to face new challenges on a daily basis.”

“You saying I’m full of surprises?” Jim chuckled.

“You are an unpredictable force of nature.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

Spock said nothing, but he did not deny the statement. “Did you have a nice Christmas holiday?”

“It was all right,” Jim said noncommittally.

“New Year’s Eve is this Friday. Perhaps it will be better.”

Jim finished painting Spock's nails and dried them with a flourish. But instead of letting go, he held both Spock's hands in his own. "So, I know a way my New Year's could be way better than my Christmas."

Spock swallowed. "Indeed?"

"Go out with me, Spock. New Year's Eve. A fancy party I'm invited to. You and me…what d'ya say?"

Spock felt his face heating up, but he didn't pull away. Granted, New Year's Eve was the night of the Starfleet Ball, but he hadn't been looking forward to it anyway. He would much rather be with

Jim. "Yes. I say yes."

"Oh thank the stars!" Jim exclaimed, relieved. "I'm great at reading people, but you're, well, you're special and I--"

"Jim," Spock interrupted, "I look forward to our date."

"Me too."

They sat there, holding hands and gazing happily at one another.

That is, until they realized everyone in the salon was staring at them.

They both pulled back and stood at the same time.

"Well, I gotta--"

"I must go."

Spock turned and went to collect his things. After he checked out at the desk, he threw his scarf haphazardly around his neck and pushed open the door, the bells attached to the top jangling loudly. He stepped out into the cool air feeling slightly bereft, as if he'd forgotten something important. Suddenly, someone grabbed his elbow.

It was Jim.

Jim tugged at the two sides of Spock's scarf, pulling Spock's head down, and kissed him, quick, firm, and full of promise. "See you New Year's Eve."

By the time Jim dashed back inside the salon, Spock was still standing in place, fingers splayed across his kissed lips. Jim.

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Spock folded his arms across his chest and glared at his dress uniform draped across the bedspread.

He had nothing else that would be appropriate for a New Year's Eve party of the sort that Jim described. His Vulcan ambassadorial robes were elegant, but their voluminous, floor-length folds were not what he wanted to wear on his first date with Jim.

Spock sighed. Dress uniform it was then. And while he normally disliked the glittery thread that ran through the fabric, tonight it would be highly suitable for the festive occasion.

He dressed and gathered his overcoat and scarf. He rubbed the scarf's soft threads through his fingers, remembering Jim's kiss. He was glad Jim had found the courage to speak of his desire to spend more time together, a desire Spock shared. His only plan had been to renew his appointments with Jim in the new year, citing a need for consistent nail care. Now, the pretense was unnecessary, but he was unaccountably nervous. He already knew they got along and enjoyed each other's company, so there was no reason for tonight to go otherwise. And yet, Spock was not a consummate dater. His experience in human dating rituals wasn't non-existent, but his stomach had never fluttered so much in another's presence, nor had he ever spent so much time thinking about someone. Recently, even his meditations had slipped into daydreams about exploring the universe with Jim at his side, holding Spock's hand and smiling at him as they charted the stars.

The doorbell rang.

Spock threw on his overcoat and opened the door. "You are 3.8 minutes early."

Jim just ginned, his blue eyes sparkling. He pulled a package from his pocket. "I got you something."

Spock unwrapped the present and discovered a pair of faux leather gloves, soft as butter.

"Thank you, Jim."

"We've spent all these weeks perfecting your nails, so this will protect them. And the tips can be pushed back so you can do whatever with your fingers free."

Spock raised an eyebrow. "Do whatever?"

“You know,” Jim drawled, “type on a touch screen, button your coat, fumble for your keys while I sneak a kiss.”

“You need not sneak, Jim,” Spock told him, freeing his fingers from the gloves so he could trace them across Jim’s cheeks.
They kissed, slow and careful, a soft ‘hello’.

Spock’s heart rate was already 14% faster than before Jim arrived at his doorstep.

Spock parted his lips and opened his mouth to Jim’s, wanting more. Jim obliged with a groan, tongue snaking out to twirl with Spock’s, the heat building between them a sharp contrast to the cold air.

Jim crushed their bodies together, and Spock regretted the winter layers, letting his fingers search out any bared skin he could find, brushing back Jim’s hair and slipping down his neck, rubbing circles where the base of his neck met his spine.

“Spock,” Jim whispered, voice gravelly.

Their breath mingled as they recovered, and Spock approved of the pink flush that now graced Jim’s cheeks.

“We should go to your party,” Spock suggested.

Jim pouted, leaning back against Spock’s door. “I feel teased.”

Spock moved in, kissing Jim once more. “Vulcans do not tease.”

Jim made a strangled sound and pulled Spock back in, wrapping a leg around Spock to keep him there, not that Spock was trying to get away. Far from it, he braced them against the door, fairly burrowing into Jim’s warmth as they plundered each other’s mouths again and again.

They were late to the party.

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Spock grew suspicious the moment they got off the transit at 8th and Landmark.

The jig was up when they stepped into the grand ballroom of the museum where a glittery LED sign declared, “Starfleet New Year’s Eve Ball!”.

Surrounded by music and cheering, Spock stood in surprise as attendants took their coats. He turned to express his confusion as to why Jim would secretly arrange to take Spock as a date to

Spock's own party and froze.

Jim was wearing a Starfleet dress uniform.

Jim was wearing a Starfleet dress uniform.

He looked stunning in the red, shimmery, tight fabric. But that was hardly the point…

Jim tugged at the neck of his uniform and smiled nervously. "So, I, uh, got into Starfleet. I start next term. I got invited to this shindig, so I thought I'd, um, surprise you. Are you surprised? I thought maybe with your Vulcan telepathy you might have already known, but then--"

Spock blinked. If Jim knew about Vulcan telepathy, what else did he know about Vulcans? Did he know about the sensitivity of their fingers and the liberties Spock had taken with him at the salon? A green flush bloomed across his skin.

"Spock? It's a good thing, right? I like you. You like me. We're both in Starfleet…"

Spock grabbed Jim by the elbow and steered them away from the crowds of staring cadets and professors. Uncaring as to the destination, he pulled open an unlocked door and pushed Jim into the darkness with him.

"Spock?"

"Did you know?" Spock hissed.

"Know what?" Jim whispered back in the dark.

"About Vulcan hands, about--"

"About what a kinky Vulcan you are, letting me feel you up in public?"

Spock groaned and leaned his head back against the wall of what appeared to be the smallest closet in the universe. He pulled his hands to his chest in embarrassment. Jim wasn't standing far away, the closet wasn't large enough, but he pursued until they were flush against one another.

When he spoke, Jim's voice was deep and rough. "Did I know I was basically giving you handjobs? Did I wonder why you picked me of all people to come back to again and again? You could have had anyone in that salon, or anywhere for that matter, but you picked me."

Spock panted as one of Jim's hands slid to the small of this back, the other caressing the hand pressed to his chest.

“Did I give you naughtily thorough hand massages because I knew it was getting you off?” Spock couldn’t see a thing, but he could feel Jim’s hot breath on his hands and Jim’s tongue lick a stripe up his finger.

“Did I deliberately worship your fingers because I was imagining worshipping your cock, half sure you’d let me and half sure you’d break me in half for even fantasizing about it?”

Spock was hard in his snug-fitting trousers, and he screwed his eyes shut, letting Jim’s words and touch wash over him.

“Did I sometimes slip into the salon break room after you left and jerk myself off, imagining it was your hand wrapped around the base of my cock, the bow of your lips parted over the tip, your eyes looking up at me dark with lust?”

Jim sucked Spock’s fingers into his mouth, wet and hot and intense.

Spock arched and cried out.

“Shh!” Jim shushed around a mouthful of Spock’s fingers, fingers that were on fire with sensation just like the rest of him.

“Jim, Jim, Jim.” Spock thrust blindly, control finally and utterly lost. “Jim. Please.”

Jim’s hand covered Spock’s mouth, and Spock tongued it, laving it with saliva and gracing it with kisses and nips.

“Ungh. Yeah. Okay. Let’s…”

Spock whined when his fingers popped free of Jim’s mouth, tingling at the loss. But he was easily distracted by Jim’s hands unbuttoning his fly. He mimicked Jim’s actions, and then they were both free of the confines of their dress pants. Spock wrapped his saliva-slick hand around Jim’s thick erection.

“Yessss.,” Jim hissed.

Jim’s own slippery hand was pulling on Spock’s cock, driving him to a frenzy. He bucked up, fisting his own hand faster over Jim and moaning unabashedly.

He was too loud, but he couldn’t care, not when his hand was delighting in the velvet hardness of Jim’s cock, a pleasure doubled by Jim working him in tandem.

Sharp points of pleasure spiraled up Spock’s spine and circled low in his belly. He shouted at

the peak of his orgasm, only to have his breath stolen by Jim's lips sealing onto to his.

Energy zapped in one climactic moment, Spock sagged into Jim's arms. His hand flagged at Jim's throbbing hard-on, and Jim whimpered in need. Remembering Jim's confession, Spock sank him to his knees and took Jim's cock in his mouth.

He bobbed his head over the curved length of him and rolled his balls in his hands, fairly purring at the intimacy. He pulled back and urged, "Jim, come for me. I want you to come for me."

"Nngh, yeah, Spock, yeah," Jim chanted, giving himself over to Spock's ministrations.

Fingers digging into Spock's scalp signaled Jim's orgasm, and Spock drank him in.

With surprising strength and speed, Jim hoisted him up and kissed him thoroughly, swiping his tongue along every crevice. The kisses slowed until they were really just breathing into each other's mouths.

"If we do not exit this closet now, we will miss the traditional countdown to midnight's kiss."

"I already got the best kiss," Jim replied contentedly.

"Is that a challenge?"

"Oh stars, sure, why not."

They situated their clothes and hoped they looked presentable enough, then rejoined the party. Luckily, the lights were dimmed to a shimmery glow, and the countdown was about to begin.

"Spock!" a woman's voice called out. "I thought you weren't coming! I'm so happy you're here!"

"Cadet Uhura, may I reintroduce you to Cadet Kirk?"

Uhura stared Jim up and down. "CADET Kirk?"

Jim raised her hand to his lips. "Always a joy, Uhura." He eyed her nails critically. "Hm, it looks like you may be needing my services again soon."

Instinctively, Spock snatched Jim's hands back. "I do not think a Starfleet cadet has time for part-time jobs."

Jim and Uhura glanced at each other and burst into laughter.

Spock was not amused. "Jim, I am serious. Your schedule will be quite rigorous."

“Oh yes, I’m sure you’ll keep things rigorous for me.”

Uhura snorted, then shoved Spock in the arm. “I can’t believe you didn’t tell me Kirk was in Starfleet.”

“I didn’t know until tonight.” Spock looked at Jim with a stern expression, ruined only slightly by
the adoration in his eyes.

“You didn’t ask! You liked that I was mysterious. You were hot for it. Besides, I had a plan to tell you.” He gestured to the elaborate party around them. “And this was it.”

“An illogical plan, but it worked remarkably well,” Spock admitted grudgingly.

Suddenly, the lights dimmed even lower and a spotlight focused on a digital countdown.

“10!”

“9!”

“Does Uhura or anyone else around here know the real nature of your manicure adventure with me?”

“8!”

“7!”

“No, and do not tell anyone.”

“6!”

“5!”

“Good. You’re all mine then.”

“4!”

“As you are mine.”

“3!”

“Glad we got that all cleared up at the beginning of the relationship.”

“2!”

“Indeed.”

“1!”

“HAPPY NEW YEAR!”

As the clock chimed midnight, Jim and Spock shared their best kiss yet.

The End